

# VINNIE PAZ

GOD OF THE SERENGETI



EXPLICIT  
ADVISORY  
PARENTAL STRONG CAUTION

# Vinnie Paz - Shadow of the Guillotine Lyrics

---

[Intro:]

I have heard the young men of Judah. They acknowledge me king  
As for you, you thought my father's yoke was heavy, wait until you feel mine  
You thought my father's taxes too high. Mine will crush you  
How dare you speak out against your lawful king?  
My father chastised you with whips. I shall use scorpions!  
I am your king!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I stand on top of the mountain, I was a born rapper  
The house of the Holy Spirit, another long chapter  
Untouched glory of God, a strong factor  
The nine laws were bound together from salms after  
The Smith & Wesson rubber grip made my palm blacker  
You're not a MC, pussy, you're a reformed actor  
Your whole fam is fucked up [?]  
The chemical wedding of Christ where the gods gather  
The weapon of the dead gods was a thorn dagger  
Every verse, every surah in the Qu'ran has a  
'Nother scripture, another picture was drawn blacker  
Arabize curtis legacy, the storm catcher  
The fucking MC you don't wanna perform after  
The seventh son of the seventh son of his law passer  
Mercy prevail over wrath from Imam ladder  
16 bars similar to God's rapture

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]

They tried to stop me at every level and stress me and send me devils  
I press 'em like Chevy pedals and shred 'em like heavy metal  
Whenever [?] for a minute of the spotlight  
Your raps is a gat spitting it ain't shot right  
I caught some spitting shots to your brain cell  
So you and George Zimmerman can rot in the same hell  
Captial cue, stand at odds with the metal ready  
And level the playing field with the God of the Serengeti  
Keep your enemies close enough to never fall  
The victim of a death plot, keep afar and get shot  
Decapitated heads drop and fall down a flight of stairs  
Like Apocalypto sacrifices, I wrap the stack prices  
Like Apple Mac devices, it's real brutal  
And got that rock steady seal of approval  
I pray to the heavens, he pray to the east  
And on the Sunday San Gennaro we parade to the feast, minkya!

# Vinnie Paz - Slum Chemist Lyrics

---

[Verse 1]

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy  
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by  
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry  
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry  
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why  
You're arms too short to box, god — that's why  
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye  
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie  
Send them to the devil let his ass fry  
Heavy metal on another level that's high  
I self lord and master from past tribe  
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes  
Reincarnated rap from a past life  
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze  
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5  
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard  
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god  
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster  
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]

This is 45-caliber flow  
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know  
I'm ravenous though  
Jack you with the ratchet for dough  
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow  
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at  
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at  
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat  
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap  
If you got the army gear then you need the boots  
If you talking about an army then you need the troops  
It's all war over here I never seen the truce  
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe  
This here this the duffle that I carry bones  
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Holmes  
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome  
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]

# Vinnie Paz - The Oracle Lyrics

---

[Verse 1]

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy  
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by  
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry  
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry  
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why  
You're arms too short to box, god — that's why  
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye  
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie  
Send them to the devil let his ass fry  
Heavy metal on another level that's high  
I self lord and master from past tribe  
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes  
Reincarnated rap from a past life  
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze  
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5  
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard  
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god  
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster  
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]

This is 45-caliber flow  
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know  
I'm ravenous though  
Jack you with the ratchet for dough  
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow  
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at  
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at  
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat  
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap  
If you got the army gear then you need the boots  
If you talking about an army then you need the troops  
It's all war over here I never seen the truce  
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe  
This here this the duffle that I carry bones  
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Holmes  
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome  
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]



# Vinnie Paz - And Your Blood Will Blot Out the Sun

## Lyrics

---

[Intro]

It's the God of the Serengeti, I'm the God of the seven deadly  
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, what up?  
G.O.D. Jus Allah, Tony Kenyatta, what up baby?  
Listen, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Supreme Godhead, gutter like poverty  
Righteous man is one of forty six parts prophecy  
It's epicyclical orbit like the hypotheses  
It's metaphysics and borders on the philosophy  
Another song of yours is just another disaster  
Another verse of mine is just another cadaver  
You could call it a Genesis of another chapter  
You could call it the venom that's from the troubled rapper  
The same rapper that was known for just smashing your face in  
Who is God? What's material manifestation?  
I'm indestructible, my actions are that of a Mason  
Yamasee Native American tribe of relations  
The judge shoot a book at me, I take it and blood  
The rook move horizontally, basically drugs  
A nation of intellectuals, a nation of thugs  
Jesus is hate, a nation of Satan is love!

[Hook: Poison Pen]

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right  
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide  
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
So what's crackin'? So what's stackin'?  
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)  
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about  
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit...

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

Me and my conglomerates shall survive Apocalypse (Yes!)  
I charge a price for telling people what the process is  
Living in a world where dictatorship is obvious (Word)  
National resources running out for the populous  
Murder doesn't need a lobbyist or an ambassador  
Ask the survivors of the Mý Lai massacre (Damn!)  
'Back to the Future' without the flux capacitor  
Kill you for the gold like Colonel Gaddafi characters  
You bath salt sniffin' zombies fuckin' a stranger (hahaha)  
Navajo skin walkers, nigga, I'm a face changer

Surgically remove your heart, bury it at Wounded Knee  
A microcosm of the graveyard that Earth is soon to be (Yeah!)  
A eulogy for those chasing cars and jewellery (And...)  
I'm stocking food and water coz shit ain't what it used to be  
I'm motivated like Buster Douglas when his mother died  
Border Patrol, nigga, see you on the other side!

[Hook]

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right  
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide  
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
So what's crackin? So what's stackin'?  
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)  
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about  
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit...

# Vinnie Paz - Last Breath Lyrics

---

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath  
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes  
Stumble as a back step  
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame  
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe  
I'm livin' on my last breath  
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 1: Baby Pun]

Until my last breath, I hope my hustlers fully accessed  
Past tense to my regrets I hope y'all all in ?  
Married a girl with a accent, carried this world tilted axis  
Make some major changes and some statements til I'm ashes  
And placed in hour glasses  
So you can turn me upside down and watch as time passes  
Drugs are bad habits, before I'm in that casket  
And the happiness I'm searching for, I hope I grasp it  
And I hope I fully grab it, and never take for granted  
All the looks little things in life and still believe in magic  
Look back at all my fans I know that I made them drag hits  
And I hope I never look for love I hope that it just happens  
And if I have kids, I hope that it was stressful  
But worth it in the end because they all became successful  
And I hope my last breath is something truly breathful  
I wish I could have said much more before I died and left you

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath  
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.  
Stumble as a back step  
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame  
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe  
I'm livin' on my last breath  
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Until my last breath, I have death before dishonor  
I welcome drama, with open arms and holdin' a llama  
The whole persona is vodka bottles and marijuana  
The whole meñana was rockin inspired for my mama  
I'm a warrior, I went into jail for the drama  
I'm the story of the terrorist son of Osama  
I would never want to have birth and fail as a father  
I would never want the illest to kill the manana  
The half moon on the bank of the river's devotion  
That's the stab wood born from the killer emotion

I wasn't raised by darkness, militant motion  
I wasn't raised by the thought of the still in the ocean  
I would never question the power that God paid  
Until I saw his body the color of dark rain  
He recited the third chapter of Allah lane  
And he ignited the third chapter of Allah flame

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath  
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.  
Stumble as a back step  
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame  
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe  
I'm livin' on my last breath  
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream



# Vinnie Paz - Crime Library Lyrics

---

Chorus

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Send 'em to Allah kingdom pistol grip pump rap  
It's like music to my ears when the gun clap  
You a stupid mafucka here a dunce cap  
Shoot you in the fuckin' stomach where ya lunch at  
I ain't listenin' no more cuz son rap  
I'm like bustin' inside a rubber I come strapped  
Ya'll wanna hear a fun fact? (you wanna hear somethin' funny?)  
My guns is heavy on the scale god dumb fat  
Where the Mossberg where the dumb dumbs at  
93 million miles away from where the suns at  
I'm jimmy nine times cousin you a dumb rat  
I put you in the back of the ac wit pun mac  
I'm a grown ass lion you a young cat  
Pred 'em up better hope the ambulance come stacked  
Take the shotty off the gun rack  
Toss his body on the ground like when Charles Bark son shat

Chorus

[Verse 2: Black Poet]

Wild motherfucka since birth get hurt  
Whose first I blood thirst, shoot up ya hearse  
It's insane lemme explain the pain  
I came deranged supreme hammer damage your brain  
Highly flammable, easily slayin' you  
I do what I came to do, your hood should be ashamed of you  
Blaq Po murder motherfuckas up  
yo what the fuck is up  
I don't care what they say you fuckin' suck  
The black monster go harder  
Spit pure lava  
Word to the father  
Don't make me show up at your crib wit' the pump  
I could find out where you live where you from  
But you not a threat, you puppy dog harmless  
Tale between ya legs when I start to bomb shit

Chorus

# Vinnie Paz - Feign Submission (Interlude) Lyrics

---

Any time I pull the hammer, it's usually Glock  
It's usually cocked, it's usually for shooting a cops  
I'd like to say I'm sober but I'm usually not  
Usually at the bar with bitches, they salute me a lot  
And they like to argue whether they got groupie or not  
Tell me that to get intellectual and school me a lot  
Listen bitch, I ain't checkin' if you stupid or not  
You just barkin' up the wrong tree, move it or stop  
I was reading Nabokov, while you was groovin' to pop  
I was selling Nickelbacks an was a student of Pac  
I was watching Kubrick movies, I was [?]  
Had to lie to my mama, wasn't truthful a lot  
You was stupid [?], deuce-deuce was a [?]  
And I never thought a whole bottle of goose was a lot  
You decide if I'm drunk of that I'm lucid or not  
I just know that I'm smarter than you when the proof [?]

[Hook x5: Block McCloud]  
Tim-tim-tim - Pazienza da ruler  
Tim-tim-tim - and y'all just haters

# Vinnie Paz - Duel to the Death Lyrics

---

## VINNIE PAZ (Verse 1)

"Can't nobody fuck around with V.P.,  
Or else you gonna find yourself D-E-A-D,  
Y'all ain't gotchyour eye on the prize, you can't see,  
'Cause I ain't really livin' my life for plan B,  
If anybody brave enough to come against me,  
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea,  
How dare you ever in your life walk past me,  
Widout acknowledgin' this man as G-O-D,  
I always been here, always been deranged focused,  
The heat is always in my hand like chain smoka's,  
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness,  
Bust a mo'fucka's head 'til his brain opens,  
Stay cookin' in the kitchen like we hasta frito,  
I was always smokin' wakata wit poppy people,  
I ain't never doin' anything that's not illegal,  
Read the Torah Lord, black mask, black evil."

## HOOK (x2)

"This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,  
Stay real, because the sun can't chill, M-O-B-B,  
Ain't nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,  
Fuck around, lay around."

## HAVOC (Verse 2)

"I'll have you laid out, Posturepedic,  
Before the day's out, somebody gon' be layin' bleedin',  
Keep fuckin' wit me, bring it to the darker side,  
Where the wolves play and nuttin' butchya karma lie,  
You get it back 10 fold, yeah, I'll do you dirty,  
I'm in my dirty dirties, that mean I'm past the worry,  
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out,  
Perfectly executed, squeeze 'til I'm fresh out,  
I got Goonies, all they do is stick they neck out,  
For a nigga 'cause his loyalty and nuttin' less,  
And when it's on you know they got the toolies on deck,  
Whatchyou lookin' at boy? You ain't a boss yet,  
Infamous, yeah we celebrate life,  
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight,  
When they get beside they self, we run up right upon 'em,  
Leave 'em where they standin', pour some fuckin' liquor on 'em."

## HOOK (x2)

"This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,  
Stay real, because the sun can't chill, M-O-B-B,  
Ain't nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,  
Fuck around, lay around."

## PRODIGY (Verse 3)

“Let me start from the beginin’ at the top o’ the lis’,  
First off, nobody can do it like this,  
No matter how hard you try, hard you go,  
No matter how hard your beats, ill your flow,  
Can’t fuck with P, yeah this we know,  
I’m not a rapper, I’m a master o’ ceremonial, gatherin’s at venues that’s jam-packed,  
Fuck Rap, I’m in it for cream and that’s that,  
Try ta stop my dough, I’ll run you off the map,  
Try ta stop my life, I’ll blow you outchya hat,  
The most thuggish, the most ruggish,  
The most A.K.A.s you heard of, is,  
Bandana, banana clip R.I.P.,  
I can’t help it, my career don’t cease,  
My name don’t wear out, I go on foreva’,  
That other shit a passin’ fad, it won’t eva’.”

# Vinnie Paz - Problem Solver Lyrics

---

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

My heart cold like when the sea was frozen  
Drug supplying and hold the iron like hemoglobin  
Catch a body on whichever fuckin' beat is chosen  
Murder the church, left the fuckin' cathedral open  
Throw a left hook to the ribs leave em broken  
Box game levitate 'em so that Jesus know 'em  
Walk with God so everyone in Medina know him  
Y'all are casual rappers I have a deep devotion  
Speak when spoken to, bitch, you just a snake snitchin'  
The D supplying, the fiends higher then Blake Griffin  
I don't wanna hit the bitch but the dame trippin'  
I call the shot on who move the rock like Lane Kiffin  
I changed labels but implemented the same system  
I had to walk through the fire so I could gain wisdom  
I see life through the same eyes, same vision  
The watch five figures, lord, and the chain glisten

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem  
And the problem is that I'm a motherfuckin' disease  
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out  
I always got the problem solver with me  
Makin' money over here makin' money there  
Seein' places you could never possibly see  
My crew thick I don't give two shits  
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 2: Scarface]

I rap like there ain't shit to it I just do it  
Light you simple niggas and check they ass when they sewage  
Fuck you if you can't take a joke, shit  
Smoke this. You broke bitch. Lack of focus get your nose bit  
Light that ass up then I send you  
On a mission impossible take flight with my pencil  
As I enlight you with shit I done been through  
The complicated I done make it look simple  
With one squeeze I leave they head with a dimple  
And leaky like an old fat bitch on her menstrual  
You rap style humble I'm still standing  
As hard as they been making them these days I cans till win  
Why the fuck you think they call me an OG?  
The way I handle biz is nothing short of unholy  
I'm ghostly on the block with my top up  
Pistol in my lap you shot wrong you gettin glocked up

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem  
And the problem is that I'm a motherfuckin' disease  
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out  
I always got the problem solver with me  
Makin' money over here makin' money there  
Seein' places you could never possibly see  
My crew thick I don't give two shits  
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 3: Vinnie]

The knife work nice, all day gentle carver  
And I stay on point like a pencil sharpener  
Matter fact, I'm on point like Tibetan archers  
Move weight legislate like extended caucus  
And I know how the game should be locked up  
I know all the dope fiends veins will be popped up  
I know that y'all claim to be stocked up  
Gun work nice, all your brains will be mopped up  
This beef rearrange your face like collagen  
Cook jums on the same pot my mamma pasta in  
I don't play games I just rock your chin  
You fuck with cops? I never let the impostors in  
See Vinnie give you a whole clip  
I'm an artist, blood decorate the whole shit  
Got knocked, almost did a bid in '06  
I'm smarter now, that's why I conquered this whole shit

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem  
And the problem is that he a mutha-fuckin' disease  
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out  
I always got the problem solver with me  
Makin' money over here makin' money there  
Seein' places you could never possibly see  
My crew thick I don't give two shits  
You can suck my dick you should probably flee



# Vinnie Paz - Battle Hymn Lyrics

---

## [Verse 1: Apathy]

I travel underground, like the Goonies, with a bag full of uzis  
Emerging in a corner store where Arabs sell loosies  
My banger's on the waist, I never wave it around  
But I always chamber a round when there's strangers around  
Set my phaser to kill, my force field is on max  
Never relax, study the facts, and stockpile gats  
Cause the sky's about to bleed blood out from the clouds  
This gas mask's in my backpack when walking through crowds  
The post-apocalyptic, optic fitted, with bionic circuitry  
Surgically planted perfectly, no way to word it verbally  
But extrasensory perception got me detecting  
Any cop or detective, intercept them, and stop them with weapons

## [Verse 2: Crypt the Warchild]

Don't hit me with the drama, don't approach me 'bout no B.I  
Cause I'm a Pharaoh king, and y'all ain't worthy of a reply  
Bodies I've caught decomposing on the seaside  
Catch me river dancing through the bloody waters, knee-high  
Mind state is cut throat, can't walk around deprived  
My team shut it down, and they access will be denied  
Crown royal status Puerto-Ricans, that's how we ride  
Nocturnal foes mesmerized by the streetlights  
One shot at glory, game will never give you three tries  
For the haters I've murked, they would love to see me die  
Acid tripping vision, everything look hi-defy  
Drugs, money, liquor, only things that get me by

## [Verse 3: Jus Allah]

I got a lot of hate, I got to learn to love, stop the date  
But some days I would rather murder the populace  
Either way, I gotta open up the cosmic gates  
Who knows what the future holds, gotta watch and wait  
I can't function clear, keep a ton of guns and beer  
I never sweat it, I get arrested like once a year  
My gun big as two guns, you should cover your ears  
Believe half of what you see and nothing you hear  
Nobody listens, I got a lot of ground to cover  
Bullets go in one ear and out the other  
Tucked the weapon in, kicked his face  
In the blood pool like give him a taste of his own medicine

## [Verse 4: Esoteric]

Impeach the president, I'm pulling out my ray-gun  
Chuck D's greatest line and y'all ain't even thank him  
Y'all ain't on my radar, horrible like Hagar  
Mos Eisleys flow, beats banging on the space bar

Haters get mad, start banging on the spacebar  
Flip over the desk, ought to take it up with HR  
Your bitch give Bad Brains, like she work for H.R  
I be where the rays are, you wonder where the weights are  
I'm a cannibal, you cats wonder where the plates are  
I know that I'm immortal why you wonder where the gates are  
I Cold Crush your Brother like Grandmaster Caz  
Paz work with the .45 like Lakim Shabazz

[Verse 5: Blacastan]

I'm from the East Coast nigga, but I'm still loped out  
I grew up inside the crack-house, my moms was smoked out  
You know the kid with the bummy kicks, holes in his jeans  
Same shirt, chilling on some bummy shit  
Yeah, that was me though, attracted to the metal like Magneto  
Sneakers started talking like ay bandito  
Got my own never borrowed or begged for shit  
Now it's on cause I'm rolling with the Pharaohs legit  
Tired of rappers always rhyming that bullshit  
Catch at you at your CD signing, with a full clip  
Now, how you feel about the Pharaohs and the Demigodz?  
That's what I thought nigga, because we large and in charge

[Verse 6: Celph Titled]

Keep shooters on stash, move and they blast  
Refugees that came on an intertube with a gat  
Rubix Cuban ?, but you will respect the handle  
Spin checks on Windex so I shine the chrome enamel  
I throw hands with the devil so ain't much to fear after  
Bitches cry over me, I'm a top tier rapper  
American Idol with a wet wipe for you desperate housewives  
Firecracker go off from my brick, the whole house white  
And I will outright say that you sorrow  
I write your favorite writer that you base your style off of  
I'll let the Tec blast in ya, if the check cash finish  
Shells give you a turtle-face, make ya back splinter

[Verse 7: Planetary]

Sittin with the semi automatics,  
Sippin henny In the attic,  
Spittin heavy with the god of the Serengeti blast it,  
Fast it,  
Till I downloaded de attatchment,  
The huger came back and I'm eatin like a savage,  
Walkin through the laberith,  
Imagining the snazerith,  
Throwing more stones at the throne lone catalyst,  
Puff puff, acid,  
that ain't never been me I only had the urge to annihilate the MC,  
You should ride the 10 speed to cop the top 10 sneaks,  
Never thought I'd be in Buddhas best Countin 10gs

# Vinnie Paz - Geometry of Business Lyrics

---

[Verse 1 — Slaine:]

Make room for the heavyweight villain with foul language  
Formally known as low-class but now I'm distinguished  
Hold that, corner to corner no room for foreigners  
Coroners performing their craft daily  
There's a war and it's morbid  
Twenty-four and it's ease to close at his own wake  
Our chest plates, filled with ice cold hearts that don't break  
Respect my g's, fouls and rejects  
Respect those bullets bloody bullies battle for respect  
Any cities up inside of this northeast corridor  
We sported quarters of raw imported all from Florida  
Now the whole block's flooded with cut coke  
We don't stop leaving youngins gutted, it's cut-throat  
Sometimes I'm rolling dolo in a stolen polo  
But I'm still true to my crew I'm never going solo  
All these cold winter nights that keep the ice in my blood  
I'll spill the guts out this bitch and ditch a knife in the mud

[Hook 2x — Vinnie Paz:]

It's Pazienza, Coka, goon music listen  
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in  
Vinnie P. put the key in the ignition  
When we get back lord, we shine and glisten

[Verse 2 — Vinnie Paz:]

Respect my G, ya'll sound nervous  
Respect everything that I do or found murdered  
Y'all servents, y'all blind without purpose  
Stay high walking with guns without permits  
Snake bite came in my life with foul serpent  
Amaryte blind from birth lord, he worthless  
All of y'all signs of ignorance is earthless  
All of my mind is viligance and churchless  
I don't want to splash Ack 'cause Allah made him  
And I don't want the faggot P.O. to violate him  
AR-15 big it'll annialate him  
You ain't ever gonna eat this is starvation  
Try to sell wolves chicken, feed Allah bacon  
Try to bite the hand that feeds y'all, violation  
Pussy boi get spotted like dalmatian  
Look for God in wrong place so he found Satan

[Hook 2x — Ill Bill:]

It's the Coka Nos', Louie Dogs, murder music listen  
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in  
Cult leader put the key in the ignition

Bottle in my lap, full throttle twisted

[Verse 3 — Ill Bill:]

I'm like an exploding bullet in a clip  
Like a rocket cracking a capsule  
Like a lack to see planets that travel backwards through black holes  
Run towards conflict, play with dissipation  
Guns talk constant, slave in civilization  
So we walk like Egyptian pharaohs worshiping sun ra  
Walk up to your window with the barrels and dump shots  
Buck four in your lung, slumped over in blood  
Stuck over some crumbs, fucked over and done  
I teach a crash course in brain surgery  
So I don't need no passports to orchestrate murder sprees  
Show you nothing changed, more than when the casket drop  
I'll blow your fucking face off like maskatron  
Pop you while you're driving make you crash your car  
Drop acid, yeah, tell you who to drop the acid on  
Look what the uzi do, empty fuse and anger god  
Shoot your funeral, tell me who to drop the casket on

[Hook 2x — Slaine:]

This is Slaine homie goon, chasing goon music listen  
This is the only pot I ever had to piss in  
The odds against me I'mma fight with my own hands  
These are the words I've been writing as a grown man

# Vinnie Paz - Jake LaMotta Lyrics

---

[Verse 1]

I'm running round the globe havin the time of my life  
Its no others its my brothers and we shine every night  
I ain't makin any moves unless the timin is right  
And my objective is to have my mother shining in ice  
I roll 4 5 6 on the grind with the dice  
And just stay away from vinnie thats my kindest advice  
I Mike Tys verse big lord I'm dyin to fight  
I drink drugs smoke alcohol my mind isn't right  
Eternal sunsine of the spot I'm just mindin my site  
I knock buildings over like I was Osama on flights  
I would dream about Jordans I would die for the Nikes  
We ain't had the money but my mother buy me the Nikes  
You see I'm mean real mean like how Ghandi was nice  
I hustle hard real hard with the china that's white  
I don't fuck with y'all, you simply garbage on mics  
I would kill myself pray give my father his life

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

See I was born in the killin fields  
It took me a while to manifest how I really feel  
I'm from philly automatically a bigger deal  
I was always with a lynch mob chilly chill  
See its a brand new funk that was willy will  
I love rap its always been my auchiles heel  
Merkin another rapper well thats a silly kill  
I just tell the pussy back off really chill  
I live in gun land, home in 9 milly vill  
And I'm a pun fan greatest rapper really ill  
I don't judge music, whatever you feel you feel  
I make drug music whatever you deal you deal  
Smoke I's wakaton I will a real build  
I got a brother thats a g he will really pill  
I'm an ape I'm a monkey I'm guerilla willed  
I got hate I'm a junky I'm a killers thrill

[Hook]

(PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA  
PARAPPARAAA I'm shining  
PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA  
PARAPPARAAA I'm grinding) X2 (Lol)

# Vinnie Paz - 7 Fires of Prophecy Lyrics

---

[Intro: Eric Kelly]

We minding my business and leave me yours alone  
We talking about me your job is on the camera motherfucker  
Hey look at this motherfucker right here in the back. Look. Look. Look at this motherfucker right here in the back  
Look. Look at him uppercut. Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut!  
Look lo lo lo look at the uppercut right there! Hey! Hey, do the uppercut again! Do the uppercut again  
"Is it good or bad?"  
Terrible. Like the worst thing in the world  
Hey it's a job, you know what I mean? And especially in America having a job is a blessing and doing something you love is a blessing even if the people are miscreants  
Yeah you's a fucking wuss. You know what I mean? You couldn't last a day in my shoes  
A lot of these cats I wish they'd just forget the address to the gym  
You know everything is not for everybody. You don't see me going in motherfucking Wall Street picking up a fucking briefcase trying to type do you? Cause that's not what the fuck I do  
I beat the fuck out of people. You know what I mean?

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Flow is tsunami, bulletproof Bugatti  
Arab Nazi spraying a semi out a Ferrari  
Crash Maybach Music, smash Aston Martins  
Cops turned rappers, y'all niggas is targets!  
Regardless, I'm the hardest to wannabe martyrs  
Chest game weak, niggas need to move more smarter  
Art of war is mastered, my thoughts be the realest  
Military intelligence, hood under surveillance  
Armed up like they got beef with the government  
Hood shit, ghetto apostle, live covenant  
Move like the niggas that's facing Capital Punishment  
Jedi, Militant Minds is who I run with  
Queens where the villains meet, killas with illa heat  
Lifers with blood in they eye, saying they feeling me  
Naturally will only be me, one tragedy  
Kuwait Majesty, stay tuned, witness the faculty

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Come on lord don't make me load the pump  
The Mossberg have you taking shots like the local drunk  
My trigger finger itch like I ain't had a smoke in months  
I land a left-right-left before you throw a punch. (Left, right left!)  
I was sent from God in case Jehovah fronts  
I'm the explorer in the Torah I was chosen once  
Put you in the corner you a lonely dunce  
I been rhyming since Phyllis Hyman and golden fronts  
And y'all don't wanna see the heat melt  
The strap go click and I ain't talking bout a seat-belt  
Y'all could never feel the pain that we felt



Pops died, watch my mother cry, think how she felt!  
You in México, fuck around with Federale  
I ain't hard to find, look for the severed bodies  
I come from a culture where we treasure Gotti  
Sono Italiano, we ...., rebel Gotti!

# Vinnie Paz - Cheesesteaks Lyrics

---

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

A knife in my palm, sharper than a sniper in Nam  
Righteous Islam, a hypocrite that fight to be calm  
My life is just torn, bipolar, icy and warm  
My life in a song, the reason why the Vicodin gone  
A bison is born, army of God, Michael is born  
The Uranium fission secret of the hydrogen bomb  
The Bible is gone, ya'll are watching a viking perform  
And the 9 milli loud so the silencer's drawn  
I'm live from the war, I don't believe in crying at all  
I'm a manic depressive, never get excited at all  
I'mma live forever, don't believe in dying at all  
I was born peaceful, I was never violent at all  
Then my father died, that was like a knife through my core  
Any love I had inside me not alive anymore  
Lion of war, Joseph Dredd, I am the law  
I'm the reason faggot rappers can't thrive anymore  
Yeah!

[Hook: DJ Eclipse]

Class is in session, so you can stop guessing  
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)  
Focus, on what has to be done  
Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

My little man will blow your face off  
I flatten out bodies, I ain't talking about a race horse  
Murder every rapper then I break off  
Scheming on this motherfucking money, Bern Madoff  
Y'all was always pussies so stay soft  
The only time beef is mentioned around me is for steak sauce  
I work harder than y'all, it's no days off  
The knife work scratch and cut you up like Main Source  
My fam walk around with hawks on them  
Big motherfuckers, infrared dots on them  
And ain't a motherfucker that can box with them  
Razor under the tongue and keep an ox with them  
Hardbody rap, God of the Serengeti  
I'm a sinner, I'm the God of the seven deadly  
Everything I do hard and it's legendary  
I spit sixteen bars and you dead and buried

[Hook]

Class is in session, so you can stop guessing  
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)  
Focus, on what has to be done

Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

# Vinnie Paz - Cold, Dark, And Empty Lyrics

---

[Verse 1: Smoke]

[Hook: Smoke]

Godson, large guns, hard drums  
Prolems, plastic livers and hard lungs  
Far from, a colorful artist  
Untroubled regardless, humble and cautious, zoology starts  
Game of Throne, we upend the farthest  
Check out my horos[cope], I'm the lion in the jungle  
Rob you niggas on the ave, you buy a hundred bundles  
You don't understand struggle? I'll rob you for your gun tool  
I'm barkin on police, monster on the beats  
Got a chopper in the car? Gotta chopper in the streets  
Make it hard for you to breathe, Parkinson's disease  
And part of my beliefs don't make it hard for me to squeeze  
I'm starting to agree; niggas don't love us  
Niggas don't want us, niggas don't trust us - niggas can't touch us!  
My life that's on paper? That's the shit that I publish  
Stab your sister in private, your brother in public, nigga

[Hook]

You can't kill me I'm dead already, his head is petty  
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti  
Crazy Eddie machetes, I keep 'em in a Chevy  
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti

[Verse 2: FT]

Just a young boy doing broke man shit  
Running through the hood with a big four fifth  
Spit on your poster, clique full of vultures  
One shot, bet I'll leave your liver on your shoulders  
I'll make your heart stop beating, your wife start cheating  
She speaking with a mouthful of semen  
We angels, y'all demons  
If you think that you can fuck with the gods you're dreaming  
Cause my flow is like hell when you battle me  
You bout to step into the realms of reality  
Let's get it poppin' motherfucker  
For playing with pimping now y'all paying expenses  
Like doctor bills, you're not for real  
I cock the steel over pot and pills, even cops get killed  
On the block with a Glock before I got the deal  
I don't care, somewhere there's a slot to fill, nigga

[Hook]

[Vinnie Paz]

The Dim Mak teacher, the Book of Enoch reader  
The five deadly venom chest beater, the chess teacher  
The guest speaker, the Miami flesh eater  
I'm the physical of severely compressed ether  
Carry wisdom of a severely distressed Gita  
The act of cowardice you display is your best feature  
Chastiser of the enemy, Death's reaper  
Logic dictate experience the best teacher  
I gave him two choices he didn't deserve either  
Confession doesn't work to a deeply disturbed preacher  
Everything is painted with blood from a snub heater  
Father please instruct me on how to perform pitra  
Smoked in every country a lot of the bomb reefer  
Poked in every country a lot of the don divas  
I was resurrected by tropical storm Jesus  
I was then selected to slaughter deformed fetus

[Hook]

# Vinnie Paz - Razor Gloves Lyrics

---

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's not a possibility you could ever survive  
That's just the logicality of the Devil inside  
Any ounce of goodness in me was never revived  
Disconnected or completely connected with God  
The hell-hound spellbound where destiny lie  
The bells sound, knelt down, the effigy cry  
A couple rappers want a beef they respectfully die  
They ended up losing they teeth, but I left them alive  
I clash with skull in one hand, the other a spine  
I snap a motherfucker head, he dead on the dime  
I carve a muh'fucker up like Geppetto with knives  
That's the magic of the Persian and Arab design  
That's the marriage of exertion, inertia defined  
That's the savage that was perfectly nurtured in time  
I put pacifists in caskets, my version of crime  
I'm an assassin and my passion is bursting your mind

[Verse 2: R.A. The Rugged Man]

Sirens and ambulances in the streets, there's race, riots and panthers  
And cops hosing down innocent bystanders  
Hand grenades and shanks, automatic bullets, pray to the banks  
Government emergency military sending in tanks  
How did I get in this position?  
I'm sick of living, Kevorkian vision  
And bridge jumpin', razor blade wrists slittin'  
In the car garage carbon monoxide sniffin', wine glass full of cyanide sippin'  
Russian roulette, the chamber's spinnin'  
Death by my own manslaughter  
I'm going out like Ernest Hemingway and his sister and his brother and his father and his granddaughter  
Society losing religion, there's too much heat in Lucifer's kitchen  
Never know if a politician's speaking truth or fiction  
You spit with true conviction you'll be the victim of a crucifixion  
The hangman will leave you from a noose swinging and ruin your mission  
Not every punk on the street is recruitable  
These snitches will start singing and turn the police precinct into a musical  
Most these thugs is snitching ass cowards  
You ain't nothing but somebody's bitch in prison getting dick in the showers  
Too many sleeping on me like narcolepsy, my weapon arsenal is deadly  
I'm definitely an artist, they ain't ever market it correctly  
Piss on the pavement in the public, jerk my dick on the Fox News  
Police piss me off, I'll pull it out and piss on they cop shoes, come on

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]



You gonna turn this robbery to a homicide  
The Desert Eagle is lethal, evil personified  
Dominicans here take you for a dollar ride  
You want beef you gonna lose god stop his vibe  
I don't respect life, pussy if you die, you die  
Most high, Rastafar-I, eye and eye  
I'm always gonna keep it gutter like a five and dime  
And when I die the prophecy gonna stay alive  
Yeah, and y'all should study all the things that's written  
About the Roman Empire and the Kings of Britain  
Merlin exists and manuscripts have been forbidden  
And understand that King James is a piece of fiction  
My box game like Mantova  
I'm no fool, I'm old school like my grandfather  
Ain't nobody take my punch that can stand conscious  
Psychologically imbalanced, I'm a man's conscience

# Vinnie Paz - Wolves Amongst the Sheep Lyrics

---

[Hook: Block McCloud]

We live by the assassin's creed committing dastardly deeds  
Slash and you bleed, we live in the cut  
It's like we have a fucking disease  
A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood  
And all you bastards can plead for mercy and cry, you're buried alive  
Nobody's digging you up  
It's like we have a fucking disease  
A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]

Weak niggas surviving with an IQ level low  
My shit rock like 2Pac or Os on a ghetto stove  
My flows will leave 'em weak, you see the rose petals blow  
Gun smoke settles slow when I blow the cold metal nose  
Like holding recelos, Bacardi and bezel glow  
Dressed in dough, the boy covered in ice like an Eskimo  
Playing with you kids, I'm in child molester mode  
Tryna follow his tracks? I'll derail your train of thought  
And afford you one female in the same assault  
Stainless fork, flame the pork with a grain of salt  
Vinnie Paz, semi mags, who want to claim to talk?  
Address your shit like Jimmy Jazz, so put your frame in park  
The black stallion, Italiano, gangsters walk  
This arcane, we off the chain, the links'll talk  
I get all in the bitch head like a shrink, of course  
You half-steppin' and ass-bettin', the bank is off

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

You tryna sell wolf tickets to the lion of the jungle  
I'm the eyes of God, they call me cyanide in the struggle  
You the kind of guys that would be traumatized in the scuffle  
And I'm buying pies with the Italian guys with the muscle  
I'm dying before I trust you, the iron inside the duffel  
You on Rikers Island, I can get homicidal to touch you  
Im inside, I'm viral, I'm the messiah's idol above you  
I'm the pride of Cairo, I'm genocidal and I will cut you  
I'm ridin' for all my hustlers and anybody building bridge  
It's no mercy and Pazienza I will kill the kids  
Blood diamonds, Sierra Leone is really big  
The G36 slick, it'll peel your wig  
If it ain't the 36, then I'll let the 9 explode  
I knew about collapsing buildings before Osama knows  
I create beef, Vinnie always finds a foe  
Bitches up and down on my dick like I'm the Konami code

[Hook]

# Vinnie Paz - You Can't Be Neutral On a Moving Train

## Lyrics

---

[Intro] Howard Zinn - Governments lie all the time. Well not just the American government, it's just, in the nature of governments. Well they have to lie. And since they all represent the people, in some sense they act against the interest of the people, the only way they can hold power, is if they lie to the people.

[Unknown] You don't know what I know, you can't see the spreading stain, of deception. I am cruel to myself, things will never be...The same. [Howard Zinn] - If they told people the truth they wouldn't last very long. -

[Unknown] I will hold my silence, like a weapon, in my hand. If I used it, I would murder myself.. You could never understand.

[Vinnie Paz : Verse 1]

Columbus came ashore greeted with nothin but niceness, sailin West in attempt to find gold and spices. Dominated by the popes in frenzy for ices, the Catholic church expelled Jew's and claimed it was righteous. The first man to see land would get a reward, and get a yearly pension for life, clearly from God. A young sailor saw land said, " we isn't far, " Columbus lied said he saw it the evening before. They touched ground they were greeted by the Arawak, Columbus had them locked up as prisoners in an hour flat. He wanted to find they source of gold and that was that, and when they thought that wasn't fair then he stabbed their backs. When there was no more gold, he took slaves instead. And left a quarter-million Indians in Haiti dead. The men died in mines, the women died at work, the children died from lack of milk and they died in the dirt. They were just takin advantage of a passive people, they were just bein the savages of massive evil, that's the church work that's th! e path of massive ego, that's the blood of Abraham bein stabbed by the steeple. In 1619 they were patiently waitin' for a ship that carried slaves that was changin' a nation, the white man was a cannibal prayin' to Satan. Hatred contempt the pity of patronization. That's the cornerstone, everything racism based in, the African had a more advanced civilization. Black was slave, master was white, rationalization, 50-million dead, that's Western civilization. At first they appeared in the North, and they were helpless in the face of superior force, and all of them were chained together they really was lost. Racism isn't natural it's merely divorced. Before the slave-trade black was considered distasteful. By the Oxford Dictionary I find it disgraceful. It's not a natural tendency to be bitter and hateful, it's a natural enemy of the critical staple. Slavery grew as the plantation system grew, the reason for thats kinda easily tracible. Society of a good health was capable, or ! sayin, " Fuck a slave master! You're in slavery too! " 7 slave! s were p ut to death for murderin' master, fear of slave revolt had them developing faster, you a cataline killer inelegant bastard, I would burn the white man while smellin' the ashes. From time to time white man was part of the resistance, white indigenous servants wanted no part of the system. King Phillip's war showed that if people would listen, that we could maybe break the complex chains of oppression. Tyranny is tyranny but that's a concesssion, but the women they were treated like that of possessions. Black women had to work cuz they was abbused, that's the white justification of Arayan Blues. The next move was to dominate the Mexicans, James Polk dominated them like they was next of kin. He sent Colonel Cross to lie to them and let them in, 11 days later his skull was crushed, so message sent! We take nothin' by conquest that was the mantra, the military wasn't human they was just monsters. Henry David Thoreau refused to pay his taxes, denounced the Mexican war and got locke! d in shackles! The 20th century open anger re-emerged. Reality of ordinary life was bein heard. Anarchists and feminists came from factory-work, Communism, Socialism seemed to be re-birthed. War is the health of the state is what Bourne said, and if you was born around that time you was born dead. The espionage act had people confused, cuz it was double-talk and they ain't know how it be used, supposedly it was an act against spyin, you boys know that, that was bullshit, and they was lyin!

Charles Schenk was arrested in Philadelphia for printin' and distributin' leaflets cuz they was helpin' ya. He was indited, tried and then found guilty, and spent 6 months in jail don't that sound silly? Had his freedom taken away by his own nation, but there's a lesson do not submit to intimidation. The act still exists today and this shit is real, supposedly Kennedy tried to have that shit appealed. Eugene Debs did 10 years for no purpose, he obstructed the recruiting and en-listment se! rvice. The post office started takin' mail priveleges, of maga! zines wh o printed anti-war sentiments. A Socialist named Fairchild had it right, he said that, " They can shoot me, but they can't make me fight! " They sentenced him to a year in jail and that was reckless, 65 thousand men, consciencous objectors. They were sent to army bases to work their, they were treated sadistically and were hurt their. They were strangled with a hemp rope till they colapsed, and officers punched they stomachs and they lower backs. A garden hose was placed on they face with a nozzle, about 6" inches from them so they couldn't swallow. The war ended in 1918, the government was just tryin' to wipe the slate clean. Hemmingway wrote " Fairwell to Arms " Dalton Trumbo wrote " Johnny Got His Gun. " The war was over but they didn't learn they lesson, twin-tactis of control, reform and repression. The patriotic fervor of war had been invoked.. That's why the country that you live in is a fucking joke!

[Outro : Vinnie Paz]

You can not be neutral on a moving train.  
This is a story about the lies that your teacher told ya.  
This is real actual factual.  
No lies on the whole record, if you don't believe me look it up.  
I'm tryna share the shit that I learned.... With y'all!  
Do the knowledge.  
Your government does not care about you.  
The people in power do not care about you.  
Understand that.  
Power to the people!!!!

(Howard Zinn)

War is like, a fix. Ya know you get high on war, we won we won! And then your, your down on the ground, and ya need another fix, ya need another war. Why do you think weve had war after war after war after war. Every war ya know, they say this is the end, this is the last war. In World War 1.. They said, this is the war to end all wars.. And then not long after that was World War 2, and then soon the United States was waging war in Korea, then Vietnam. If you study history what you learn is that, wars are always accompanied by lies... Wars are always accompanied by deception.....